

THE POST.

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AT LEBANON, KY.,  
BY W. W. JACK.

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Post's Corner.



O' Would that I'd been Born a Boy.

BY BELLE THORNE.

Oh! would that I'd been born a boy,  
How happy I would be;  
I'd be the envy of the men,  
The girls should worship me.  
I'd wear a very graceful hat,  
Not a stove pipe affair;  
And from beneath its brim should flow  
Rich waves of dark brown hair.  
I wouldn't be a fop, you know,  
For fops I do despise;  
But dress with style and taste enough  
To please the ladies' eyes.  
When'er I felt in "misting mood,"  
To Laura Keane I'd go;  
For oh! blessed thought of liberty,  
I shouldn't need a bow.

I'd have a night key—that I would,  
And I'd go out and in;  
Without a dozen folks to ask  
"Why, Belle! where have you been?"  
I wouldn't drink, or chew, or swear;  
I wouldn't—yes I would;  
I'd smoke cigars, provided I  
Could always get them good.  
I'd have a dozen pretty girls,  
For "cousins,"—nothing more;  
And then I'd have a dear braucette,  
A darling, I'd adore.

A darling melting black-eyed love,  
A teasing, hugging elf,  
With yielding charms and round white arms;  
A dear—just like myself.  
I'd never slander women—No, I  
"I'd never kiss and tell";  
And there's some fellows in this town,  
Oh!—wouldn't I thrash 'em well!

Oh! Would that I'd been Born a Girl.

BY BELLE THORNE.

A rejoinder to Belle Thorne's "Oh! Would that I'd been born a Boy."

Oh! would that I'd been born a girl,  
To live a life of bliss;  
With cheeks of roses, teeth of pearl,  
And lips an earl might kiss!  
I'd be the glory of my sex,  
The worship of the men;  
And many a churl I'd sorely vex,  
Among the upper ten.

A mother's pride and father's joy,  
Of course I'd also be;  
And never should they wish a boy  
They'd had instead of me.

I'd wear a bonnet on my head,  
And not upon my back;  
And with the man I would not wed  
Who common sense did lack.

No pride I'd be, nor yet coquette,  
But always my dear self;  
For dress I'd never run in debt,  
Nor fall in love for self.

I would not wear false hair—nor point,  
Nor lace small waist to show;  
Nor seem at church a perfect saint,  
So as to win a bow.

No hits of rats—these heartless e'ves,  
Who strut so on the street;  
And tho' mere boys, men deem themselves  
Should found be at my feet.

But most of all that thing they call  
"A lady's man," I'd shun;  
Whose only tongue in talk that's small,  
Eternally do run.

And that dear glorious girl, "Belle Thorne,"  
Who would so happy be;  
Had she a boy been only born,  
Should never "cousin" me!

How to be Miserable.

Sit at the window and look over the way  
to your neighbor's excellent mansion,  
which he has recently built and paid for,  
and sigh out, "O, that I was a rich man!"  
Get angry with your neighbor, and think  
you have not got a friend in the world.  
Shed a tear or two, take a walk in the  
burial ground, continually saying to your-  
self, "when shall I be buried here?"  
Sign a note for your friend, and never for-  
get your kindness; and every hour in the  
day whisper to yourself, "I wonder if he  
will pay that note." Think everybody  
means to cheat you. Closely examine  
every bill you take, and doubt its being  
genuine, till you have put the owner to a  
great deal of trouble. Believe every shil-  
ling passed to you is but a sixpence cross-  
ed, and express your doubts about your  
getting rid of it, if you should take it.  
Put confidence in nobody, and believe ev-  
ery man you deal with to be a rogue.  
Never accommodate, if you can possibly  
help it. Never visit the sick or afflicted,  
and never give a farthing to the poor.  
Buy as cheap as you can, and screw down  
the lowest mill. Grind the faces and the  
hearts of the unfortunate. Brood over  
your misfortune—your lack of talents, and  
believe at no distant day you will come to  
want. Let the workhouse be ever in your  
mind, with all the horrors of distress and  
poverty. Then you will be miserable to  
your heart's content, (if we may speak,)   
sick at heart and at variance with all the  
world. Nothing will cheer nor encourage  
you; nothing will throw a gleam of sun-  
shine or a ray of warmth into your heart.  
All will be as dark and cheerless as the  
grave.

A Jerseyman gives the following advice  
to gardeners: "To cure hens from scratch-  
ing up your garden beds, cut their daisy  
scratches off, just below their heads."

THE



POST.

VOL. 4,

LEBANON, WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 24, 1856.

NO. 40.

Select Tales.

The Wife for Me.

BY HUNT ALHRENSLEE.

Horace Hastings was a sober, sensible,  
enterprising bachelor, of seven-and-twenty  
years, who, having obtained an excel-  
lent reputation by his industry and integ-  
rity, and having made himself useful  
to the mercantile firm in Boston, with  
whom he had served an apprenticeship,  
was at length invited to a copartnership in  
the concern. For some time he had been  
encouraged to anticipate this elevation, and  
he soberly and energetically entered upon  
the new duties of his position. When  
business crowded, he had but little leisure  
to mourn over, when hours each day hung  
heavily upon his hands, he could not help  
thinking how delightful it would be, had  
he but a house and a gentle wife of his  
own. His pecuniary circumstances now  
warranted such luxuries; and he resolved  
to marry when he could find a lady just  
"suited to his mind."

Near a country village in Maine, not a  
thousand miles from Bangor, lived an old  
friend of his father; and being on a col-  
lecting tour in that region during the au-  
tumn months, he determined to accept of  
an oft-repeated invitation to spend a few  
days with the old gentleman, and sent a  
note announcing his coming.

At the appointed time he reached the  
residence of his old friend, and found that  
the family were very well prepared and  
pleased to welcome him as a guest. In  
the parlor were two young ladies, well  
dressed, and quite handsome. He was  
duly introduced to Misses Jane and Char-  
lotte, and found them accomplished and  
sensible young ladies. Being just now  
very susceptible to the tender passion, he  
was easily pleased, and exerted his pow-  
ers to render himself agreeable to the  
flattered maidens. He succeeded, of  
course. Sensible men of his age and  
prospects, always do, when they try. And  
as his eye wandered in conversation from  
one handsome, intelligent face to an-  
other, he caught himself several times  
mentally inquiring, "Which would make  
the better wife?" The mother and a neat  
looking maid sat at intervals passing  
from the kitchen preparing supper. The  
girl who set out the table and spread the  
white stainless cloth, and arranged the  
plates, seemed to do it gracefully and qui-  
etly, as if she had made such duties a  
study as a science, and won a passing  
glance of admiration as a very neat and  
pretty servant, a model of a "help." Al-  
together, he thought it was a charming  
family. When they sat at the cheerful  
supper, and he tasted the light home made  
bread, and then the sweet, fresh butter,  
and the thinly-sliced, home-cured beef; the  
hot, well-flavored tea; the excellency and  
good taste manifested in the whole order-  
ing, he felicitated himself upon having  
found so pleasant a home, even if it were  
but for a few days. After supper was  
over and the table cleared, a third young  
lady, very neatly dressed, entered the  
room, and was formally introduced to him  
as one of the sisters, Miss Sarah. He  
was not a little surprised to find that the  
neat servant girl, whose hardwork had  
won his admiration, was one of the sis-  
ters. He found her sprightly, cheerful,  
as accomplished, and he thought a little  
more graceful, than Jane, who was older,  
or Charlotte, who was younger than her-  
self. He thought a little more meanly of  
himself, for having taken her to be a hired  
girl in the family, but not a whit more  
meanly of her for having revealed herself  
in that capacity. And his perplexity was  
somewhat increased as he sat down on his  
lonely bed side in the chamber to which  
he was shown by his host, and said to  
himself, "Which of the three?"

In the morning, after a night's sound  
sleep—for he was not sufficiently in love  
to keep him awake—he entered the break-  
fast room, and was soon joined by the two  
young ladies who had first welcomed him.  
Sarah was not yet visible; but when Jane  
poured the coffee, Sarah came smiling in  
behind a clean white apron and with a  
steaming pile of hot buckwheat cakes in  
her hand, which, from the hue of her  
cheeks, she had just been baking. If  
there was a blush on her cheek, any eye  
might have seen it was forced there by the  
fire, and not by any thought of degrada-  
tion on account of the office. The guest  
disgracefully filled. She greeted the least  
with a welcome smile, deposited her load  
of edibles, and returned to the kitchen,  
whence she tripped again in a few minutes  
with more cakes, baked by her own skill.  
Horace ate a large quantity of them, more  
than enough merely to satisfy hunger, be-  
cause of the beautiful little hands that  
made them. And then he wandered over  
the farm with the old man, and prated of  
horses and cows and crops, as though he  
knew something about them as well as  
broadsheets and calicoes. At dinner-time  
Jane and Charlotte were in the parlor  
waiting for him, and Sarah, as usual, was  
bustling about the kitchen. "I do wish,"  
said he, sotto voce, "that one of those  
girls would take Sarah's place in the  
kitchen a little while that I might find out  
some of her housekeeping qualities, and  
that I might have a little chat with her."  
But he waited for such a change in vain,  
though he found an opportunity to con-

verse, and discovered all he wished to  
know just then about her mental quali-  
fications and acquirements, and at the end  
of the fourth day, just before he got into  
bed, he slipped the counterpane emphati-  
cally and said to it—as there was nobody  
in the room, I suppose he must have spoken  
to the counterpane or the bed-post—  
"she is the wife for me."

The next day was the limit of his visit;  
and as he stood at his window after break-  
fast, he saw Sarah with the bewitching  
white apron, trip out into the orchard to  
shake apples; for it was baking day, and  
pies were to be made. Horace strolled  
out after her, and shook the tree, and  
helped her to pick up the apples, and en-  
tered the basket as they returned slowly,  
very slowly to the house. What it was  
he whispered in her ear, she never told,  
but she seemed not displeased, though  
evidently surprised and a little frightened.

A year after, Horace was at the house  
of his old friend again, and this time  
Sarah was not so much in the kitchen—  
There were great preparations for a wed-  
ding going forward; and in a few days  
Sarah became Mrs. Horace Hastings; and  
now, in a splendid Boston mansion, she  
fully justifies the wisdom of her husband's  
choice, by being to him a most excellent  
wife and a superlative house-keeper.

GOING A SHOPPING.

Did you ever go a shopping? I sup-  
pose not. Gentlemen have no genius for  
shopping. They are not equal to it. Na-  
ture has left their faculties imperfect in  
that particular. They can write books and  
make speeches, and all that sort of  
thing, but they are not up to shopping—  
it takes the ladies for that. Men go to a  
store and select what they want and buy  
it. But that is not shopping—that re-  
quires no genius!

Men pretend they don't like to go shop-  
ping with the ladies. I wonder who ever  
asked them? What lady would have such  
an encumbrance on such occasions? Men  
are well enough in their places. Young  
gentlemen are convenient to take us to  
concerts, see us home from church, and  
bring us bouquets and music; and husbands  
are useful, I suppose, to pay bills, &c., but  
for shopping excursions they are quite out  
of place.

Do not understand me to insinuate that  
I have any distinguished ability that way.  
Not at all—I only speak for my sex. In  
fact, I acknowledge that I am regarded  
by my lady acquaintances as a poor hand  
at it. But my friend Sallie Z. is a model  
shopper. I am taking lessons of her, and  
hope to be perfected by the time I am  
married. A few days since she invited me  
with her.

"I wish to look at the new style silks,"  
said she.

"Why, do you want a dress?" said I.

"Really," said Sallie, "if it was not im-  
polite, I should say you were a verid int.—  
I don't want a dress—but there's no reason  
I shouldn't see the materials."

So Sallie and I sallied out. The first  
store we entered, she asked whether the  
merchant had received his spring goods.  
He said he had, and inquired what she  
would like to see. "Show me your new  
style dress goods," said she, "such as  
bargain robes and lawn robes, handsome  
striped and plaid silks; broadsides and  
changeable silks are not much worn this  
spring, but I will look at your solid  
colors."

The merchant soon had his counter  
spread with goods. She examined and  
tossed the pieces about, making various re-  
marks in them to see whether they  
would come out again by rubbing.

"What style is worn?" said Sallie.

"Well, we sell probably more plaids and  
stripes than any other."

"Have you got any with the che-  
re stripes?"

"Oh yes, some very fine," and a variety  
of pieces were produced.

"Well, I can't say, after all, that I like  
the che- stripe; it looks like the old style  
revived. I prefer the plaids; the green is  
very pretty."

So Sallie held it in various lights, rub-  
bing and creasing it. "Well, it don't  
crease much," said she, "I wonder whether  
it will cut."

"No, it is boiled silk, and we find the  
plaids and stripes quite well."

"Your silks are quite pretty, and you  
may cut me off samples," continued Sal-  
lie.

This the merchant was forced to do,  
though with rather a bad grace, as most  
of his goods were in patterns and he feared  
spoiling the piece.

"Will you be kind enough to give me  
samples of the solid colors?"

These were also furnished.

"This plaid, you say, is one dollar  
and thirty-five cents. Is that the low-  
est?"

"Yes—we can't take less."

"How many yards in the pattern?"

"Fourteen."

"What a cheat! I can buy these spoils  
for four cents," said Sallie when we were  
fairly out, "and besides, we forgot their  
shawls!"

So we went to another store.

"Have you any Stella shawls?"

"Yes, some beautiful ones just opened.  
Would you see the broche borders or the  
printed?"

"Both."

"Any particular colors?"

"No—I'll look at all of them," said  
Sallie.

Different colors, qualities and patterns  
were accordingly produced.

"What is the price of this green centre  
broche?" inquired Sallie.

"We can afford you that at nine dollars  
same style shawl for fifteen two months ago.  
Some printed borders we can put at four  
dollars and fifty cents."

"No, I prefer broche, but can't you  
take less?"

I saw a trouble in the merchant's eye,  
which made me think he knew she was  
only shopping.

"Now," said he, "if you won't mention  
it, I'll let you have it for six."

Sallie looked surprised. She knew that  
style and article was selling at nine.

"Six dollars—is that your lowest?"

"Well, to oblige you, I'll say four."

A pause. "Then you think that four  
dollars is your very lowest?"

"Ahem! We have a large lot, and I  
want to dispose of them. I'll say two  
dollars and fifty cents."

Still longer pause. "Are you sure it is  
a first-rate piece of goods?"

"I'll warrant it all silk and wool."

My friend was caught. Turning to  
me she whispered:

"I do wish I had some money!" and  
then, addressing the merchant, she said:  
"I'll call again."

I never was so glad to get out of a  
store before, for the clerks had gathered  
around us, seeming to understand the  
joke. But Sallie went home, got the  
money, and insisted on my returning with  
her to the store for the shawl.

This trader said he was sorry, very—but  
the shawl had just been sold. And so was  
Sallie, too, I thought. We went shop-  
ping no more that evening.

REGULARLY SOLD OUT.—During the  
month of January, 1856, while stopping  
at the Sutter House, in Sacramento City,  
California, I accidentally overheard a con-  
versation between two gentlemen, one of  
whom was from New York city, and had  
been in the country nearly a year, and the  
other had just arrived.

The new comer was lamenting his con-  
dition, and his folly in leaving an abun-  
dant home, and especially two beautiful  
daughters, who were just budding into  
womanhood—when he asked the New  
Yorker if he had a family.

"Yes, sir, I have a wife and six children  
in New York—and I never saw one of  
them."

After this reply, the couple sat a few  
moments in silence; then the interrogator  
again commenced:

"Was you ever blind, sir?"

"No, sir."

"Did you marry a widow, sir?"

"No, sir."

Another lapse of silence.

"Did I understand you to say, sir, that  
you had a wife and six children living in  
New York, and had never seen one of  
them?"

"Yes, sir—I so stated it."

Another and longer pause. Then the  
interrogator again inquired:

"How can it be, sir, that you never saw  
one of them?"

"Why," was the response, "one of them  
was born after I left!"

"Oh! ah!" and a general laugh followed;  
and after that the New Yorker was especi-  
ally distinguished as the man who had "six  
children and never saw one of them."

TAKING NOTES.—"Well, Cuff," said a  
minister to his colored servant, "what are  
you doing in meeting this afternoon?"

"Doing, massa? Taking notes," was  
his reply.

"You taking notes?" exclaimed the  
master.

"Sartin, massa; all the gentlemen take  
notes."

"Well, let me see them," said he.

Cuff then produced his sheet of  
paper; and his master found it scrawled  
all over with all sorts of marks and lines,  
as though a dozen spiders, dipped in ink,  
had marched over it. "Why, this is all  
nonsense," said the minister, as he looked  
at the notes.

"Well, massa," Cuff replied, "I thought  
so all the time you were preaching."

My Wife's New Piano.

The deed is accomplished. My wife  
has got a piano, and now farewell to the  
tranquil mind, farewell content and even-  
ing papers and the big cigars that make  
ambition virtue.—O, farewell! And O,  
ye mortal engines, whose rattle throats the  
immortal Jove's dread clamors counterfeit!  
But stop—I can't bid them farewell, for  
one of them's just come. It came on a  
draw. Six men carried it into the parlor,  
and it grunted awfully. It weighs a ton,  
shines like a mirror, and has carved Cap-  
ids climbing up its legs. And such  
lungs—whew! My wife has commenced  
to practice upon it, and the first time she  
touched the machine, I thought we were  
in the midst of a thunder storm and the  
lightning had struck the crockery chest.

The cat, with tail erect, took a bee line  
for a particular friend on the fence, de-  
mureling a six shilling pane of glass—  
The baby awoke, the little fellow tried his  
best to beat the instrument, but he didn't  
do it—he beat him.

A tawler has been introduced into the  
house. He says he is the last of Nopo-  
leon's grand army. He wears a long  
moustache, looks at me fiercely, smells of  
gunic, and goes by the name of Count  
Lim-away-and-never-come-back-again-by-  
and-by. He ran his fingers through his  
hair, then cocked his eyes up to the ceiling  
like a monkey hunting flies; then down  
came one of his fingers, and I heard a  
dreadful sound, similar to that produced  
by a cork roach upon the tenor string of  
a fiddle. Down came another, and I was  
reminded of the wind whistling through a  
knot-hole in a hen-coop. He touched his  
thumb, and I thought I was in a peach  
orchard, listening to the braying of a jack-  
ass. Now he runs his fingers along the  
keys, and I thought of a boy rattling a  
stick upon a picket fence. All of a sud-  
den he stopped, and I thought that some-  
thing had happened. Then came down  
both fists, and O Lord! such a noise I ne-  
ver heard before. I thought a hurricane  
had struck the house, and the walls were  
caving in. I imagined I was in the cellar  
and a ton of coal falling on my head. I  
thought the machine had burst, when the  
infernal thing stopped, and I heard my  
wife exclaim:

"Exquisite!"

"What the deuce is the matter?"

The answer was:

"Why, dear, that's Sonambula."

"Hang Sonambula," thought I, and the  
Count rolled up the sheet.

He calls it music, but for the life of me,  
I can't make it look like anything else than  
a rail fence with a lot of juvenile negroes  
climbing over it. Before that instrument  
of torture came into the house, I could  
enjoy myself, but now every woman in the  
neighborhood must be invited to hear the  
new piano, and every time the blasted  
thing shrieks out like a locomotive with the  
bronchitis, I have to praise its tone; and  
when invited guests are playing, I have to  
say, "Exquisite!" "Delightful!" "Heaven-  
ly!" and all such trash, while at the same  
time I know no more about music than a  
codfish.

MAGNANIMOUS CONDUCT OF THE MALE  
SEX.—Woman may be said to enjoy al-  
most the monopoly of personal beauty—  
A good-humored writer thus defines her  
position in this respect as contrasted with  
the opposite sex:

"If you ladies are much handsomer  
than we, it is but just you should acknowl-  
edge that we have helped you, by volun-  
tarily making ourselves ugly. Your su-  
periority in beauty is made up of two  
things; first, the care which you take to  
increase your charms; secondly, the zeal  
which we have shown to heighten them  
by the contrast of our finished ugliness—  
the shadow which we supply to our  
sunshine."

"Your long, wavy, plant tresses are all  
the more beautiful, for we cut our hair  
short; your hands are all the whiter, smal-  
ler, and more delicate, because we reserve  
to ourselves those toils and exercises which  
make the hands large and hard."

"We have devoted entirely to your use,  
flowers, feathers, ribbons, jewelry, silks,  
gold and silver embroidery. Still more to  
increase the difference between the sexes,  
which is your greatest charm, and to give  
you the handsome share, we have divided  
with you the hues of nature. To you we  
have given the colors that are rich and  
splendid, soft and harmonious, for our-  
selves, we have retained those that are  
dark and dead. We have unmolested the  
hard stony road that enlarges the feet;  
we have let you walk only on carpets."

ADVERTISING OBITUARY.—Died, on the  
11th inst., at his shop, No. 20, Greenwell  
street, Mr. Edward Jones, much respected  
by all who knew and dealt with him. As  
a man, he was amiable; as a hatter, upright  
and moderate. His virtues were beyond  
all price, and his beaver hats were only  
three dollars each. He has left a widow  
to deplore his loss and a large stock to  
be sold for the benefit of his family. He  
was snatched to the other world in the  
prime of life, just as he had concluded an  
extensive purchase of felt, which he got  
so cheap that the widow can supply hats  
at a more reasonable rate than any house  
in the city. His disconsolate will carry on  
business with punctuality.

Terms of Advertising.

For 12 lines or less, 1st insertion, - - - \$100 75  
For each subsequent insertion, - - - 10 25  
For half column 6 months, - - - 14 00  
" " 12 months, - - - 18 00  
For whole column 6 months, - - - 18 00  
" " 12 months, - - - 25 00

A liberal deduction made for early advertise-  
ments. When the number of times for con-  
tinuing an advertisement is not specified, it will  
be continued until ordered out, and charged ac-  
cordingly.

Eccentricity and Liberality of Stephen Girard.

This wealthy merchant, who flourished  
in Philadelphia, not many years ago, was  
one of the best friends of the working  
classes that ever lived. He admired in-  
dustry as much as he despised sloth—and  
there has never been known an instance  
where he did not furnish employment or  
money to an industrious man in distress.

Early one morning, while Mr. G. was  
walking around the square, where the me-  
chanics' houses now stand, John Smith,  
who had worked on his buildings in the  
humble capacity of bed carrier, and whom  
Mr. G. had noted for his unusual activity,  
applied to him for assistance, when some-  
thing like the following dialogue took  
place:

"Assistance! work, ha! You want to  
work?"

"Yes, sir, it's a long time since I've had  
anything to do."

"Very well; I shall give you some.—  
You see den stone yondare?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well, you shall fetch and put him  
in his place. You see?"

"Yes, sir."

"And when you done, come to me at my  
bank."

Smith diligently performed his task,  
which he accomplished about one o'clock,  
when he repaired to Mr. G. and informed  
him that it was finished, at the same time  
asking if he could not give him some more  
work.

"Ah, ha! Out? You want more work?  
Very well; you shall go place den stone  
where you got him. Understand? You  
take him back."

"Yes, sir."

Away went Smith to his work, which  
having got through with about sunset, he  
waited on Mr. G. for his pay.

"Ah, ha! you all finish?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. How much money shall I  
give you?"

"One dollar, sir."

"Dat is honest. You take no advan-  
tage. Dere is your dollar."

"Can I do any thing else for you?"

"Oui. Come here when you get up to-  
morrow. You shall have some work."

Next morning, on calling, Smith was  
not a little astonished when told that he  
must "Take den stone back again." Nor  
was his astonishment diminished, when  
the order was repeated for the fourth and  
last time. However, he was one of those  
happy kind of persons who minded his  
own business, and he went on with his job  
with all the indifference imaginable.—  
When he called on Mr. G. in the evening  
and informed him that the stones "were as  
they were," he was saluted thus in the  
most cordial manner:

"Ah, Monsieur Smith, you shall be my  
man; you mind your own business; you do  
what is told you; you ask no questions;  
you no interfere. You got one wife?"

"Yes, sir."</











